

Mrs. WOFFINGTON'S
PETITION
To His G-----e the L-----D L-----T.
of IRELAND. *WP 219.41/25*

MAY it please your G-----e, with
all Submission,
I humbly offer my Petition;
Let others with as small Pretensions,
Teize you for Places, and for Pensions,
I scorn a Pension or a Place,
My sole Design's upon your G-----e;
The Sum of my Petition's this
I claim, my Lord, an annual KISS,
A KISS by sacred Custom due
To me, and to be paid by you;
But least you entertain a Doubt,
I'll make my Title clearly out.

It was, as near as I can fix,
The fourth of *April* forty-six,
(With Joy I recollect the Day)
As I was dressing for the Play,
In stept your G-----e, and at your Back
Appear'd my trusty Guardian *Mac*; *
A sudden Tremor shook my Frame,
Lord, how my Colour, went and came,
At length, to cut my Story short
You Kiss'd me Sir, Heaven blest you for't;
The Magick Touch my Spirits drew
Up to my Lips, and out they flew,
With Pain and Pleasure mix'd, I vow
I felt all o'er, I don't know how;
The Secret, when your G-----e withdrew
Like Lightning to the Green-Room flew,
And plung'd the Women, in the Spleen,
The Men received me for their Queen;

And from that Moment swore Allegiance,
Nay *Rich* himself was all Obedience.

SINCE that your G-----e, has never yet
Refus'd to pay, the annual Debt,
To prove these Facts, if you will have it,
Old *Mac* will make an Affidavit,
If *Mac*'s rejected as a Fibber,
I must appeal to *Colly Cibber*.

By good Advice I hither came,
To keep up my continual Claim,
The Duty's not confin'd to Place,
But every where affects your G-----e;
Which being personal on you
No Deputy, my Lord, will do.

BUT hold say some, his Situation
Is changed, consider his high Station;
Can Station or can Titles add,
To D-----t more than D-----t had;
Let others void of native Grace
Derive faint Honour from a Place,
His Greatness to himself he owes,
Nor borrows Lustre but bestows.

THAT'S true but still you answer wide,
How can he lay his State aside;
Then think betimes, can your weak Sight
Support that sudden burst of Light,
Will you not sicken as you gaze
Nay, happ'ly perish in the Blaze;
Remember *Semele* who died,
A fatal Victim to her Pride.

GLORIOUS Example, how it fires me,
I burn, and the whole God inspires me.

My Boffom is to fear a Strangers
The Prize is more enhanc'd by Danger,
I'll bless the Wound, when

* Owen Mac Swinny, Esq; a Gentleman well known among the gay and polite in London, and formerly a Director of the Theatre.